My riches to the earth from whence they came:
But my vnsuppoſed fire of Loue to you,
Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I waite the ſharpeſt blow [*Antiochus*]
Scorning aduice; read the concluſion then:
Which read and not expounded, tis decreed,
As theſe before, thou thy ſelfe ſhall bleed.
Daugh. Of all ſaid yet, thou proue proſperous,
Of all ſaid yet, I wiſh thee happineſſe.
Per. Like a bold Champion I aſſume the Liſtes,
Nor aſke aduice of any other thought,
But faithfullneſſe and courage.

The Riddle.

I am no Viper, yet I feede
On mothers fleſh which did me breed:
I ſought a huſband in which labour,
I found that kindneſſe in a father.
Hee's father, ſonne, and husband milde,
I Mother, Wife, and yet his Childe:
How they may be, and yet in two.
As you will liue, reſolue it you.

Sharpe phyſicke is the laſt; but O you powers!
That giues heauen countles eyes to view mens acts,
Why cloud they not their ſights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes mee pale to reade it,
Faire glaſſe of light, I lou'd you and could ſtill,
Were not this glorious Casket ſtor'd with ill:
But I muſt tell you, now my thoughts reuolt,
For hee's no man on whom perfections wait
That knowing ſinne within, will touch the gate:
You are a faire Vyoll, and your ſence the ſtrings,
Who fingerd to make man his lawfull muſicke,
Would draw heauen downe, and all the Gods to hearken,
But being plaid vpon before your time,
Hell onely daunceth at ſo harſh a chime:

Good

Good ſooth, I care not for y
Anti. Prince *Pericles*, touc
For that's an article within o
As daugerous as the reſt you
Either expound now, or recei
Peri. Great King,
Few loue to heare the ſinnes
I, would braid your ſelfe to
Who hath a booke of all that
Hee's more ſecure to keepe i
For vice repeated, is like the
Blowes duſt in others eies, t
And yet the end of all is boug
The breath is gone, and the fc
To ſtop the aire would hurt
Copt hils toward heauen, t
By mans oppreſſion, and the
Kings are earths Gods: in vi
And if I*oue* ſtray, who dares
It is enough you know, and i
What being more knowne, g
All loue the wombe that the
Then giue my tongue like e
Ant. Heauen that I had it
But I will gloze with him. Y
Though by the tenour of y
Your expoſition miſ- interp
We might proceed to couns
Yet hope, ſucceeding from
As your faire ſelfe, doth tun
Forty daies longer we do re
If by which time our ſecret
This mercy ſhewes wee'l i
And vntill then, your entert
As doth befit our honour, a

Per. How conſteſie woul